Driving back to my apartment I reflected that Castro agents could easily pinpoint Paula as the FRD moneyman, and through surveilling him could identify me. Then the next time I left Brickell Point with my bulging briefcase, I could be hijacked with little trouble. So instead of returning to my apartment I headed for Coral Gables and sent a message to Quarters Eye recommending a monthly bank transfer to the FRD account in lieu of cash delivery.

This funding was, in due course, arranged through a series of foreign banks, but although the monthly transfer should have been accomplished as a matter of routine, it never arrived by the due date and I was always so informed by a bristling Tony or an apologetic Juan Paula. (pp.63-4)